HYMNS

OF THE CHURCH OF GOD.

SELECTED BY

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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

Charles John,

LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL,

THIS SELECTION OF HYMNS

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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HYMNS.

Morning.

1 *I myself will awake early.* L.M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I desire, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2 *Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.* 7's.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee,
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Lord, with light divine,
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

3 *They are new every morning.* L.M.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see,
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

4 *He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.* L.M.

O JESU, Lord of light and grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night;

Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

So we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name,
And His almighty grace implore,
That we may stand to fall no more.

O hallowed then be every day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
Our faith till noontide splendour glow,
Our souls the twilight never know!

O Christ! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

Evening.

5 *Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent.* L.M.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

6 *Under His wings shalt thou trust.* L.M.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7 *Abide with us.* L.M.

SUN of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,—
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor,
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near, and bless us, when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

8 *The Lord is my light.* L.M.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy Word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all;
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, &c.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O, let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our All.
Through life's long day, &c.

All travellers, Lord, by land or sea
Defend with Thy protecting care;
When in their need they call on Thee,
Hear Thou in highest heaven their prayer;
Through life's long day, &c.

Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be,
Good angels watch about our home;
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

9 *He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.* P.M.

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee now, that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee;
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee;
And ask, that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

10 8-7's.

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest.
Jesu, Thou our Guardian be.
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Sunday.

11 *This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.* P.M.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly,
Before the eternal throne,
Sing, "Holy, holy, holy,"
To the great Three in One.

On thee, at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light is given.

Thou art a port, protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden, intersected
With streams of Paradise:

Thou art a cooling fountain,
  In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
  We view our promised land.

Thou art a holy ladder,
  Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
  Nearer to heaven, our home.
A day of sweet reflection
  Thou art—a day of love,
A day of resurrection,
  From earth to things above.

To-day, on weary nations,
  The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
  The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
  With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
  With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
  From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
  To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
  To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
  To Thee, blest Three in One.

12 *Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.* C.M.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O, let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

Did we not raise our hearts to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.

With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improve,
Since each by Thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

13 Psalm lxxxi. S.M.

SING to the Lord, our Might,
With holy fervour sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King!

This is His holy house,
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humble vows
That we sincerely pay.

The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless.

Then let us open wide
Our mouth, for Him to fill;
And He, that Israel then supplied,
Will help His Israel still.

14 Psalm xcii. L.M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His Word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine.

Soon may I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

15 *Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.* P.M.

THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That called the tribes of Israel near;
Ye people, all, obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.

Obedient to Thy summons, Lord,
We to the sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send Thy people joyful home.
Of Thee, our King, O may we sing,
And none, with such a theme, be dumb.

O hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who love Thee here shall see Thy face;
When suffering shall for ever close,
And they shall reach their destined place;
Then shall they rest, supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to Thy grace.

Advent.

16 *The Desire of all nations shall come.* 7's.

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art,
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

17 *The great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?* P.M.

DAY of wrath! that awful day
Shall the sign in heaven display,
Earth in ashes melt away.

O, what trembling shall appear,
When His coming shall be near,
Who shall all things strictly clear!

When the trumpet's thrilling tone,
Through the tomb of ages gone,
Summons all before the Throne;

Death and time shall stand aghast,
And creation, at the blast,
Rise to answer for the past;

Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead.

What shall I before Him say?
How shall I be safe that day,
When the righteous scarcely may?

Part II.

KING of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,
Fount of mercy, save Thou me.

Leave me not, my Saviour, one
For whose soul Thy course was run,
Lest I be that day undone.

Weary seeking me wast Thou,
And for me in death didst bow,
Be Thy toil availing now.

Judge of justice! Thee I pray,
Wash Thou all my sins away,
Ere that awful reckoning day.

Thou didst heal the sinner's grief,
And didst hear the dying thief;
Even I may hope relief.

Lord, Thine ear in mercy bow,
Broken is my heart and low,
Guard of my last end be Thou.

18 *Prepare to meet thy God.* P.M.

GREAT GOD! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
  Behold His wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
  And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling, they stand before the Throne,
  All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God! what do I see and hear!
  The end of things created!
The Judge of all men doth appear,
  On clouds of glory seated!
Low at His cross, I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
  And thus prepare to meet Him.

The Lord hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the cap-
19 *tives, and recovery of sight to the blind.* C.M.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
  The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
  And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
  In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him break,
  The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from darkest films of vice
  To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyelids of the blind
  To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
  The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the riches of His grace
  To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace,
  Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
  With Thy beloved name!

20 *Behold, He cometh with clouds! and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him.* 8-7-4.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
  Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
  Swell the triumph of His train;
    Alleluia!
  Jesus comes, and comes to reign!

Every eye shall now behold Him,
  Robed in dreadful majesty;
They who set at naught and sold Him,
  Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
    Deeply wailing,
  Shall the true Messiah see.

Blest Redemption, long expected!
  See the solemn pomp draw near.
All His saints, by man rejected,
  Rise to meet Him in the air;
    Alleluia!
  See the Son of Man appear!

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
  High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
  Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
    O, come quickly,
  Alleluia! come, Lord, come!

21 *The great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?* L.M.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
  When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

O, on that day, that awful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

22 *This same Jesus shall so come as ye have seen Him go into heaven.* P.M.

THE Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger:
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound, and angel song,
With alleluias loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

23 *Then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud, with power and great glory.* L.M.

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

Can this be He who, wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the crucified?

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—The Lord is come!

Christmas.

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24 *Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we are come to worship Him.* 8-7-4.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth.
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions learn afar,
Seek the great Desire of nations:
Ye have seen His natal star.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
  Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
  Mercy calls you, break your chains!
    Come and worship,
  Worship Christ, the new-born King!

And the angel said, Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour,
25 *which is Christ the Lord.* P.M.

CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn
  Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first began
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you, and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake, and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds
ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man,
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn;
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's name.

O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad, triumphant throng;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

26 *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.* P.M.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail, th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man t' appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here!

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

27 *Thou shalt call His name Jesus.* 7's.

JESUS! Name of wondrous love,
Name all other names above,
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! Name decreed of old,
To the maiden-mother told,
Kneeling in her lonely cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."

Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

Jesus! Name of wondrous love;
Human name of God above;
Pleading only thus we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to
28 *pass.* P.M.

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten with glad accord:
He lies in a manger,
The Monarch of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him!
O come, let us adore Him!
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Very God of very God,
Light of Light eternal,
The Virgin's womb He hath not abhorred;
True God everlasting,
Not made, but begotten;
O come, let us adore Him!
O come, let us adore Him!
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Sing, chorus of angels,
Sing in exultation,
And let the high song through heaven be poured;
To God in the highest
Be honour and glory;
O come, let us adore Him!
O come, let us adore Him!
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
For ever, O Christ, be Thy name adored;
True Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him!
O come, let us adore Him!
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

29 C.M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled minds,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
  Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
  Addressed their joyful song :

" All glory be to God on high,
  And in the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
  Begin, and never cease."

Circumcision.

30 *Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.* 7's.

CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make;
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.

So, no other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye madly cast away?

Rather gladly, for that name,
Bear the cross, endure the shame,
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death, but victory.

Jesu, who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Holy Son, to Thee,—
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
From the saints and angel-host.

Epiphany.

31 *When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.* P.M.

AS with gladness, men of old
Did the guiding-star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led by Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him, whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger, rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

In the heavenly country, bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou, its Sun, which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing,
Alleluias to our King.

32 Isaiah, ix. 2–7. C.M.

THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious Light have seen;
The Light has shined on them, who long
In shades of death have been.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy, as when the reapers bear
Their harvest-treasures home.

For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God, by all adored.

His righteous government and power
  Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
  His reign shall have no end.

Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,
  And make us Thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art,
  And Holy Spirit, One.

33 *We have seen His star in the East.* L.M.

WHAT star is this which beams so bright,
  A stranger, 'midst the orbs of light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
Glad tidings of our God to bring.

See now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed;"
And lo! the Eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command.

True love can brook no dull delay,
Though toils and dangers lie their way;
And yet their home, their friends, their all,
They leave at once, at God's high call.

O while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, Lord, to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines so well.

All glory, Jesu, be to Thee,
For this Thy glad Epiphany,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.

Lent.

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34 Psalm lxxiv. L.M.

CAST not, O Lord, Thy Church away.
Cease not Thy people to befriend.
Thou hast been our sure guide and stay,
O bless and shield us to the end.

The walls, wherein Thou long hast dwelt,
The hallowed house of praise and prayer,
Still let Thy Presence there be felt,—
Still shed Thy choicest mercies there.

Unnumbered foes upon us press;
But, Lord, we look through all to Thee,—
We think of Sinai's wilderness,
We think of Egypt's traversed sea.

O Saviour of Thy Church of old,—
Our guide through every former ill,—
Forsake not now Thy suffering fold,
But guard, and guide, and save us still.

35 *The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost.* L.M.

FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found;
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death;
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

36 Psalm cxxx. S.M.

FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I send my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

Shouldst Thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But Thou forgivest, lest we despair,
And quite renounce Thy fear.

My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing Word.

Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.

37 Psalm li. S.M.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

The joy Thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

38 *Thou art my Help and my Deliverer.* P.M

JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God, most high,
Loving, pitying Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.
In the hour of trial,
Jesu, for us pray;
Lest by base denial
We should fall away.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.
Give us holy freedom,
Raise our hearts above;
Draw us, Holy Jesus!
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
  Be Thyself the way,
Through this earthly darkness,
  To the heavenly day;
On Thy truth relying
  In the mortal strife,
Lord, receive us, dying,
  To eternal life.

39 *God be merciful to me a sinner.* C.M.

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
  From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life,
  With tears and bitter cry.

Thy mercy-gates are open wide
  To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
  But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault,
  For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
  Thou knowest very well.

Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
  With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
  Fall at their father's knee.

And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
  The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
  The thing that we would have?

Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
  This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
  O let thy mercy come!

40 *Return, we beseech Thee, O God of hosts, look down from heaven, and behold.* P.M.

O THOU that dwellest in the heavens high,
  Above yon stars, and within yon sky;
Where the dazzling fields never needed light
Of the sun by day, or the moon by night.

Though flaming millions around Thee stand,
For the sake of Him that's at Thy right hand,
O think on those that have cost Him dear,
Now lingering in sadness and darkness here.

Our night is dreary, and dim is our day,
And if Thou shalt turn Thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
With none to look to, and none to trust.

Thine aid, O Mighty One, we crave;
Not shortened is Thine arm to save;
Let not Thine anger for ever burn,
Return, O Lord of hosts, return.

41 *Remember, O Lord, Thy tender mercies and Thy loving-kindnesses, for they have been ever of old.* L.M.

WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, Lord, how I am still Thy own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

O think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merit stand for mine.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here, my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succour me.

42 *Surely He has borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.* 7's.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear,
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier,
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within,
With the sense of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear!

Palm Sunday.

43 *And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.* P.M.

ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.
All glory, &c.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One.
All glory, &c.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, &c.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went,
Our praise, and prayer, and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, &c.

To Thee, before Thy Passion,
They sang their hymn of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, &c.

44 *Fear not, daughter of Zion: behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt.* L.M.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down, with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Awaits His own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

The Passion.

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45 *A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.* P.M.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun, at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By earth, that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints, who burst their tomb,

By Eden, promised ere he died
To the felon by His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony,
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

46 *The precious blood of Christ.* P.M.

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

Blest, through endless ages,
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies,
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion,
Terror-struck, departs.

Oft as earth, exulting,
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye, then, your voices,
  Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
  Praise the precious Blood.

47 *Planted together in the likeness of His death.* P.M.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
  Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see.
  Watch with Him one bitter hour,
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Him to watch and pray.

See Him at the judgment-hall,
  Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned!
See Him meekly bearing all!
  Love to man his soul sustained.
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain view,
  There the Lord of Glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
  Dying on the accursed tree!
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

48 *It is finished!* 8-7-4.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour's cry!

"It is finished!" O what triumph
Do these joyful words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints His dying words record.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Strike them to Immanuel's name!
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph, to proclaim
"It is finished!"
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

49 *They crucified Him.* L.M.

O COME and mourn with me awhile,
O come ye to the Saviour's side,
O come, together let us mourn,
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs!
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

How fast His hands and feet are nailed,
His throat with parching thirst is dried,
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified?

50 *Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.* P.M.

O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour,
All fading in the strife,
And death, with cruel rigour,
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me!

In this, Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me,
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy cross abiding,
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with thy presence blest.

51 *Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is the rock of ages.* 7's.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Guilty, plead Thy righteousness;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

52 *In that He suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.* 7's.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
O, by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy birth and early years;
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesu, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the gracious tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the mournful word that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
Jesu, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thine hour of whelming fear;
By Thine agony and prayer;

By the purple robe of scorn;
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn;
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries;
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesu, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep, expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy Throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry;
Hear our solemn litany.

53 *The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.* C.M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
  Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
  And shall be, till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
  I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
  Lies silent in the grave.

54 *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.* L.M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
  On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
  And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
  Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
  I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
  Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
  Or thorns compose so bright a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
  That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
  Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Easter-Even.

55 Psalm xvi. L.M.

I SET the Lord before mine eyes;
At my right hand He stands, prepared
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

When He is nigh, my faith is strong,
And confidence inspires my breast;
Be glad, my heart, rejoice my tongue;
In hope my dying flesh shall rest.

Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

My flesh shall Thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way
Up to Thy throne above the sky.

56 *Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell, neither wilt Thou suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption.* P.M.

SO rest, my Rest,
Thou ever blest,
Thy grave with sinners making;
By Thy precious death from sin
My dead soul awaking.

Here hast Thou lain,
After much pain,
Life of my life, reposing:
Round Thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.

Breath of all breath!
I know, from death
Thou wilt my dust awaken;
Wherefore should I dread the grave,
Or my faith be shaken?

To me the tomb
Is but a room,
Where I lie down on roses;
Who by death hath conquered death,
Sweetly there reposes.

The body dies
(Naught else), and lies
In dust, until victorious
From the grave it shall arise,
Beautiful and glorious.

Meantime I will,
My Jesus, still
Deep in my bosom lay Thee,
Musing on Thy death: in death
Be with me, I pray Thee.

Easter.

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57 *The Lord is risen indeed.* 7's.

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save—
Where's thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head!
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection Thou!

58 *When He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.* 8-7.

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

Jesus hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide:
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

59 *The Lord is risen.* 7's.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy-day, Alleluia!
Who did once upon the cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!

Hymns of praise, then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation have procured, Alleluia!
Now He reigns triumphant King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

60 *I am He that liveth, and was dead: and behold, I am alive for evermore. Amen. And have the keys of hell and of death.* P.M.

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well,
Naught from us His love shall sever:
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

61 *Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us.* P.M.

THE foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and past the sea:
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.
Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now!
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously!
Happy morrow,
Turning sorrow

Into peace and mirth!
Bondage ending,
Love descending
O'er the earth!
Seals assuring,
Guards securing,
Watch His earthly prison:
Seals are shattered,
Guards are scattered,
Christ hath risen!

No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead,
For death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.
Now once more
Eden's door
Open stands to mortal eyes,
For Christ hath risen, and men shall rise.
Now at last
Old things past,
Hope, and joy, and peace begin,
For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high:
It is not sadness, peace from strife:
To fall asleep is not to die;
To dwell with Christ is better life.
Where our banner leads us,
We may safely go:

Where our Chief precedes us,
We may face the foe.
His right arm is o'er us,
He will guide us through:
Christ hath gone before us;
Christians, follow you,
He shall soon deliver
From every woe,
Alleluia!
While His paths ye tread,
Pleasures, like a river,
Shall round you flow,
Alleluia!
When ye see your Head.

With loins upgirt, and staff in hand,
And hasty mien, and sandalled feet,
Around the Paschal feast we stand,
And of the Paschal Lamb we eat.
So shall He collect us, direct us, protect us,
From Egypt's strand:
So shall He precede us, and feed us, and lead us,
To Canaan's land: [quailing,
Toils and foes assailing, friends failing, hearts
Shall threat in vain:
If He is providing, presiding, and guiding
To Him again.
Christ our Leader, Monarch, Pleader, Interceder,
Praise we and adore.
Exultation, veneration, gratulation,
Bringing evermore.

Once despised, and once rejected,
Was this Stone; that now, elected,
To a Corner-stone perfected,
As a glorious trophy stands erected.

62 *When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive.* P.M.

THE happy morn is come!
Triumphant o'er the grave;
The Lord hath left the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.

Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won.
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.

Ascension.

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63 *We see Jesus crowned with glory and honour.* 7's.

GLORY, glory, to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe His head!
Jesus is the name we sing,
Jesus, risen from the dead;
Jesus, conqueror o'er the grave,
Jesus, mighty now to save.

Jesus is gone up on high,
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
"'Tis the King of Glory waits."

Now behold Him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from His face;
By adoring angels owned
God of holiness and grace!
O for hearts and tongues to sing
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Jesus, on Thy people shine,
  Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,
  Share their bliss, and swell their songs.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Lord be Thine for evermore.

64 *Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.* 7's.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
  To His throne above the skies;
Christ, the Lord, for sinners given,
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia!

There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ has vanquished death and sin;
King of Glory, enter in. Alleluia!

Lo! He lifts His hands above,
Where are seen the prints of love;
Graciously His lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia!

Now the heaven its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves,
And, returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

Still for us He intercedes,
His atoning blood He pleads;
For His saints prepares a place,
He, the first-fruits of our race. Alleluia!

Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above the starry height;
Raise our hearts to Thine abode,
Grant us life with Thee in God. Alleluia!

65 Psalm xxiv. L.M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Saviour is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

There His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of Glory in!

Who is the King of Glory? who?—
The Lord, that all His foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo! His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Who is the King of Glory? who?—
The Lord, of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

66 *Rejoice in the Lord alway: and, again I say, Rejoice.* P.M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our sins,
He took His seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
To Christ, the Lord, are given:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

67 *The Lord reigneth.* L.M.

THE Lord is King! lift up your voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

Whitsuntide.

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68 *The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.* L.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart:
Thy blessèd Unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight:
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of Both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along,
This—this may be our endless song:
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

69 *The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.* S.M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

Dwell Thou within our heart,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

70 *Walking in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.* 7's.

HOLY SPIRIT from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way,
Where our steps are gone astray.

Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

Other ground-work should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.

May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

71 *When the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.* P.M.

LET songs of praises fill the sky;
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down His Spirit from on high,
According to His word.
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

The Spirit, by His heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul His temple makes,
God's image stamps again.
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

72 *If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.* P.M.

OUR blessed Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That chides each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

73 *Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room to receive it.* L.M.

POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled people bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night their guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

74 *When Thou lettest Thy breath go forth, they shall be made, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.* L.M.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by a Saviour wrought.

Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

O Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy Name be praised for evermore.

Trinity Sunday.

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75 *Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! which was, and is, and is to come.* P.M.

HOLY! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our songs shall rise to Thee;
Holy! Holy! Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

Holy! Holy! Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be!

Holy! Holy! Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy: There is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy! Holy! Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

76 *Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.* 148.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent His own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe.
And now He lives,
And now He reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all His pains.

To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live.
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honour done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One.
Where reason fails,
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

General Hymns.

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77 Psalm c. L.M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto,
Praise, laud, and bless His name always;
For it is seemly so to do.

For why?—the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

78 *And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.* S.M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore!

Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ the eternal King.

Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away
To our eternal home.

There shall each joyful tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

79 *They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.* L.M.

AWAKE our souls! away our fears!
Let every trembling thought begone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

From Thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

80 Psalm c. L.M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

81 *Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.* L.M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour Divine, diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right!

Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away!

Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies:
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If Thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find eternal joy in Thee.

82 *The Creator, who is blessed for ever. Amen.* P.M.

BLESSED be Thy Name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver.
Thou canst guard Thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be Thy Name for ever.

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest!
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight gloom, and dawning day,
That riseth from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity.
God of life the Guard and Giver,
Blessed be Thy Name for ever.

83 *I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.* 7-6.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is *there.*

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

Yes, God, my King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part,
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

84 *The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion.* 7's.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

In the way the fathers trod,
Ye are travelling home to God:
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout, ye ransomed flock and blest!
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

85 *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.* C.M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

86 Hosea, vi. C.M.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return!
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long has the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall give us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

87 *Serve the Lord with gladness.* S.M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song of sweet accord,
As ye surround the throne!

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

The sons of God have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

88 *Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.* S.M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed,
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time: so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

89 *Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid.* P.M.

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Mariners trembled,
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! it is I."

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the tempest wind,
Be thou at rest;

Peril can none be,
  Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
  "Peace! it is I."

Jesu, Deliverer!
  Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
  Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
  Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
  "Peace! it is I."

90 *There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.* 7-6.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
  Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
  Thy happy name, they weep;

The mention of Thy glory
  Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
  And love, and life, and rest.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean,
  Thou hast no time, bright day,
Dear fountain of refreshment,
  To pilgrims far away.

The Lamb is all Thy splendour,
  The Crucified Thy praise,
His laud and benediction
  Thy ransomed people raise.

O one, O only mansion,
  O paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
  And smiles have no alloy.

O fields, that know no sorrow,
  O state, that fears no strife,
O princely bowers, O land of flowers,
  O realm and home of life.

O sweet and blessed country,
  Shall we ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
  Shall we ever win thy grace?

Jesus, in mercy bring us
  To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
  And Spirit, ever blest.

91 *Give unto the Lord the honour due unto His Name.* L.M.

GIVE glory unto God on high,
To Him who arched the vaulted sky;
Who mighty earth's circumference spanned,
And weighed the waters in His hand;

Who formed the countless orbs that gem
Dark night's resplendent diadem—
Gave life unto each living thing,
Created man their earthly king.

Give glory unto God on high,
Who gave His Son for man to die;
Join all in earth, and heaven above,
In honour, blessing, glory, love!

That so the Father's glorious Name
All creatures "hallowed" may proclaim;
And, through the Spirit shed abroad,
Confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.

92 Psalm cxxxvi. L.M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry light on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

93 Psalm xlvi. C.M.

GOD is our refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear, though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comfort shall not cease;
The Lord His saints will not forsake,
The Lord will give us peace.

A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from His Throne above,
It cheers His Church below.

When earth and hell against us came,
  He spake, and quelled their powers;
The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
  The God of grace is ours.

94 *I will lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.* P.M.

GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
  Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
  For rest the night:
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
  This livelong night!

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
  And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
  All peaceful lie!
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
  With Thee on high.

95 Psalm xlviii. S.M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land.

In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

96 *Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.* 8-7-4.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this desert land!
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand!
Bread of Heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the living fountain,
  Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
  Lead me all my journey through:
    Strong Deliverer!
  Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
  Bid my anxious fears subside;
Thou, who art of death the victor,
  Land me safe on Canaan's side!
    Songs of praises
  I will ever give to Thee!

97 *I am the Lord that healeth thee.* C.M.

HEAL us, Emmanuel! hear our prayer,
  Who wait to feel Thy touch.
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair;
  And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess;
  We faintly trust Thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
  Be that far from Thee, Lord.

Remember him who once applied,
  With trembling, for relief:
"Lord, I believe!" with tears he cried;
  "O help my unbelief."

She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace!
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view;
And though her faith was firm and strong,
Strong her migivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee if we may:
O send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

98 *Hosanna in the highest.* P.M.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord, Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord, Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead, the living, swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour! with protecting care
Abide in this Thy house of prayer,
Where we Thy parting promise claim,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

But chiefest in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, let Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

99 *Thy Name is like ointment poured forth.* C.M.

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

100 Psalm xl. C.M.

I MEEKLY waited for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on His word,
And brought salvation nigh.

Firm on a rock He made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of His hand
In a new, grateful song.

I'll spread His works of grace abroad;
  The saints with joy shall hear;
And sinners learn to make my God
  Their only hope and fear.

How many are Thy thoughts of love!
  Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
Nor words nor hours sufficient prove
  Their numbers to repeat.

101 *And the gates of it shall no more be shut by day; for there shall be no night there.* C.M.

JERUSALEM! my happy home,
  Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
  In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
  And pearly gates behold—
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
  And streets of shining gold?

O when, thou city of my God,
  Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
  And sabbaths have no end?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
  Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in Christ below
  Shall join the glorious band.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

102 *Woe is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar.* 148.

JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lovely homage give:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The Patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The Prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace:

O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The Lamb's Apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear,
Harping on harps of gold:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The bleeding Martyrs, they
Within these courts are found,
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay!
No place like this on high!
Thither, Lord, guide my way:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

103 *And the foundation of the walls were garnished with all manner of precious stones.* 7-6.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, O, I know not,
What joys await us there!
What radiancy of glory!
What bliss beyond compare!

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up the fabric,
The Corner-stone is Christ.

They stand, those walls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

There is the throne of David.
  And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
  The shout of them that feast.

And they who, with their Leader,
  Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
  Are clad in robes of white.

Yea, God our King and Portion,
  In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
  And worship face to face.

Jesu, in mercy bring us
  To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
  And Spirit, ever blest!

104 *A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.* 7's.

JESU, lover of my soul,
  Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters nearer roll,
  While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
  O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
  All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
  All in all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
  I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
  Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
  Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
  Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
  Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
  Rise to all eternity.

105 *Unto you which believe He is precious.* L.M.

JESU! the very thought is sweet!
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of His presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this,
No Name is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.

Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, O how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?

No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness:
He only, who hath proved it, knows
What bliss from love of Jesus flows!

O Jesu, King of wondrous might!
O Victor, glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!

Abide with us, O Lord, to-day,
Fulfil us with Thy grace, we pray;
And with Thine own true sweetness feed
Our souls, from sin and darkness freed.

106 *He is altogether lovely.* C.M.

JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor tongue can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
Thou Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our portion now,
And through eternity.

107 *I am the good Shepherd.* L.M.

JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep,
The flock for which Thou camest from heaven,
The flock for which Thy life was given.

Thou sawest them wandering far from Thee,
Secure, as if from danger free;
Thy love did all their wanderings trace,
And bring them to a wealthy place.

O guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And guide them, that they never stray.
Cherish the young, sustain the old;
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.

Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye.

O may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice.
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee.

Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete.
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

108 *This God is our God for ever and ever;*
He will be our guide unto death. P.M.

LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Then provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

109 Psalm cxxxvi. 7's.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us then with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

110 *And He lifted up His hand and blessed them.* 8-7-4.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the signal given
Calls us from this earth away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

111 Psalm lxxxiv. 148.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant, and how fair,
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are:
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they,
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each in heaven at length
Before the throne appears.
O glorious seat
Of God our King!
Lord, thither bring
Our willing feet.

112 *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all.* 8-7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

113 Psalm lxxi. C.M.

MY God, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon Thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

Still hath my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year:
Behold, my days which yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.

Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let Thy glory shine,
Whene'er Thy servant dies.

Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read Thy love in every page,
In every line Thy praise.

114 Psalm ciii. S.M.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

115 Psalm xi. 148.

MY trust is in the Lord;
What foe can injure me?
Why bid me like a bird,
Before the fowler flee?
The Lord is on His heavenly throne,
And He will shield and save His own.

The wicked may assail,
The tempter sorely try,
All earth's foundations fail,
All Nature's springs be dry;
Yet God is in His holy shrine,
And I am strong while He is mine.

His foes a season here
May triumph and prevail;
But, ah! the hour is near
When all their hopes must fail:
While like the sun His saints shall rise
And shine with Him above the skies.

116 *In His love and in His pity He redeemed them.* 7's.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud to Jesu's Name:
Ye who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face:
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your doubts and fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin oppress,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Come, and taste redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string,
Saints below and hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

117 *And Jacob vowed a vow: If God will be with me and keep me in the way that I go, then shall the Lord be my God.* C.M.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace.
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

118 Psalm xc. C.M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard whilst life shall last,
  And our eternal home.

119 *The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handywork.* P.M.

O GOD, we behold how Thy wondrous might
  Hath hung with new works the vast infinite; [stars,
How, writ with Thy hand 'mid the glimmering
It shineth from far in strange characters.

The sun builds the day for his chamber bright,
The white moon sits on her throne of night,
While the stars all around, like her army appear,
And through the blue dark marshal here and
  there.

The sun, though he walks the broad heavens alone,
Knows his rising well, and his going down;
The moon and her host, they come and they go,
And, silent and still, to Thine ordering bow.

Then why should this soul like a wave be driven,
If her anchor rest on the depths of heaven?
If she make Thee here her healing and health,
She shall have in Thee her eternal wealth.

Great God, at whose will o'er the silent heart
The sunshine and shade do come and depart;
All glory to Thee! In Thee we repose,
And leave on Thy breast our sadness and woes.

120 *Give us this day our daily bread.* L.M.

O KING of earth, and air, and sea,
The hungry ravens cry to Thee;
To Thee the scaly tribes, that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep;
To Thee the lions roaring call—
The common Father, kind to all:
Then grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

The fishes may for food complain,
The ravens spread their wings in vain,
The roaring lions lack and pine;
But, God, Thou carest still for Thine;
Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness:
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

And, O when through the wilds we roam,
That part us from our heavenly home;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;
Do Thou the gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live:
And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray
The bread of life from day to day.

121 Psalm cxlix. 104.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In Christ, the Redeemer,
Let Israel rejoice,
And children of Zion
Be glad in their King.

Let them His great name
Extol in their songs;
With well-tuned hearts
His praises express;
Who listens with pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

With glory adorned
His people shall sing
To God, who their heads
With safety doth shield;
Such honour and triumph
His favour shall bring;
O therefore for ever
All praise to Him yield.

122 Psalm cv. C.M.

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord;
Invoke His sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with His deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to His praise, in lofty hymns
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in His almighty Name,
Alone to be adored;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, His saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where He's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

123 Psalm cvi. L.M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
Just tribute of immortal praise?

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

O may I worthy prove, to see
Thy saints in full felicity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine!

124 Psalm civ. 104.

O WORSHIP the King
All glorious above!
O gratefully sing
His power and His love!
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

The earth with its store
  Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power
  Hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast,
  By a changeless degree,
And round it hath cast,
  Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
  What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
  It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
  It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
  In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
  And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
  Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender,
  How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
  Redeemer, and Friend!

125 *Fight the good fight of faith.* 7's.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians! onward go!
Join the war and face the foe.
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward, then, in battle move!
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though beset by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

126 Psalm lxxxiv. 7's.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.

O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace!

Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast!

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.

On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win!
Guide me through a world of sin:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

127 Psalm ciii. 8-7-4.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring!
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like Thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the Everlasting King.

Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us;
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face:
All His works bow down before Him,
Through the boundless realms of space!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

128 *Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.* 7's.

PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.

Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him evermore.

Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son.

Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him evermore.

129 *O praise the Lord of heaven, praise Him in the heights.* 8-7.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him!
Praise Him, angels, in the height:
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail:

Praise the God of our salvation;
  Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
  Laud and magnify His Name.

130 *Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in this evil day.* S.M.

SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
  And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
  Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
  And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
  Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,
  With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
  The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,
  Wrestle and fight and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
  And win the well-fought day.

That having all things done,
  And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
  And stand complete at last.

131 *And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him.* P.M.

SON of God, to Thee I cry;
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth;
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan;
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
Meek to suffer, strong to save:
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

132 *The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.* 7's.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

133 *Look unto Me, and be ye saved.* 8-7.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend;
Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His cross to lie;
Whilst I see Divine compassion
Beaming from His pitying eye.
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glory see.

134 *I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.* 6-6-8-4.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blessed.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

The God of Abraham praise
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all His ways.
He calls a worm His friend;
He calls Himself my God;
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood.

Part II.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command:
The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blessed,
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

Before the Three in One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land;
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

Part III.

THE God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy!" cry,
Almighty King;
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship Thee.

Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
For ever new;
He shows His prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the world above,
The slaughtered Lamb.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high,
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and mine;
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

135 Psalm xxiii. C.M.

THE Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

136 *All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord.* P.M.

THE strain upraise, of joy and praise,
Alleluia!

To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join, and say,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Ye clouds, that onward sweep,
Ye winds, on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your
Alleluia!

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,

Hoar-frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests sing
Alleluia!

First let the birds in painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,
Alleluia!

There let the valleys sing in gentle chorus
Alleluia!

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry
Alleluia!

Ye tracts of earth and continent, reply
Alleluia!

To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid:
Alleluia! Alleluia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain,
The Lord Almighty loves:
Alleluia:

This is the song, the heavenly song,
That Christ the King approves:
Alleluia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
Alleluia!
And children's voices echo, answer making
Alleluia!
Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord.
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore:
Praise be done to the Three in one,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Amen.

137 *We praise Thee, O Lord.* L.M.

THEE we adore, Eternal Lord!
We praise Thy name with one accord,
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

To Thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens, and all the powers therein.

The Apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

"Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King!
Thee, O Lord God of Hosts!" they sing.
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound Thy glory and Thy love.

138 Psalm xci. C.M.

THERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O be that refuge mine!

The feeblest saint may there abide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm,
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God! O Glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call;
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

139 *We are journeying to the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you.* S.M.

TO Canaan's sacred bound,
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Alleluia!
We are on our way to God.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Alleluia!
We are on our way to God.

There in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is king.
Alleluia!
We are on our way to God.

We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there.
Alleluia!
We are on our way to God.

140 Psalm ix. C.M.

TO celebrate Thy praises, Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
And to the listening world Thy works,
Thy wondrous works declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to Thy name, O Thou Most High!
Triumphant praise I sing.

All those who have Thy goodness proved
Will in Thy truth confide;
Thy mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on Thy strength relied.

Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Zion, His abode,
Proclaim His deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

141 *To the only wise God our Saviour.* S.M.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis His Almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

He will present our soul,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His throne,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the leadings of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

142 Psalm cxxi. C.M.

TO Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

Thou then, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will thee in safety keep.

Sheltered beneath th' Almighty wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

143 *Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.* P.M.

WE saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,
O Saviour! this our sinful earth,
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth.
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And leave for us Thy glorious home.

We were not with the faithful few
Who stood Thy bitter cross around,
Nor heard Thy prayer for those who slew,
Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground;
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side,
Yet we believe that Thou hast died.

No angel's message met our ear
On that first glorious Easter day;
"The Lord is risen, He is not here,
Come see the place where Jesus lay."
But we believe that Thou didst quell
The banded powers of death and hell.

We saw Thee not ascend on high,
And now our longing sight to bless
No ray of glory from the sky
Shines down upon our wilderness;
But we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

144 Psalm lxxi. C.M.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported by the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face,
And, when in sin and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity, to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise:
But, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

145 *He ever liveth to make intercession for us.* L.M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye:
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part;
Touched with the feeling of our grief,
He to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at His throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of Jesu's power,
To help us in the trying hour.

146 *Even the wind and the sea obey Him.* 8-7-4.

WHY those fears? Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship!
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

Led by that, we brave the ocean;
Led by that, the storms defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

Oh, what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those that hate us
Can molest our peace no more:
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

147 Psalm xciii. L.M.

WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablished is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see,
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

148 *Sing unto the Lord a new song; and His praise in the congregation of saints.* 104.

YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name,—
The Name all victorious,
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

Then let us adore
And give Him His right,
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
For infinite love.

Holy Baptism.

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149 *Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.* P.M.

BLESSED JESUS, here we stand,
Met to do as Thou hast spoken,
And this child, at Thy command,
Now we bring to Thee, in token
That to Christ it here is given,
For of such shall be His heaven.

Yes, Thy warning voice is plain,
And we fain would keep it duly,—
"He who is not born again,
Heart and life renewing truly,
Born of water and the Spirit,
Will My kingdom ne'er inherit."

Therefore hasten we to Thee;
Take the pledge we bring, oh, take it!
Let us here Thy glory see;
And in tender pity make it
Now Thy child, and leave it never;
Thine on earth, and Thine for ever.

Make it, Head, Thy member now!
  Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed it!
Prince of Peace, its peace be Thou!
  Way of Life, to heaven O lead it!
Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Grafted firm in Thee for ever!

Now upon Thy heart it lies,
  What our hearts so dearly treasure;
Heavenward lead our burdened sighs;
  Pour Thy blessing without measure;
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of heaven.

150 *Baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.* C.M.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
  Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thy brow,
  And mark thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not fear
  Christ's conflict to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully,
  Firm at thy post remain.

In token that thou, too, shalt tread
  The path He travelled by;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
  And sit with Him on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown.

Holy Communion.

151 *My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed.* 7's.

BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live:
Thou my Life! O let us be
Rooted, grafted, Lord, in Thee.

152 *The bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.* P.M.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

153 *Come, for all things are now ready.* P.M.

BRETHREN, come! our Saviour bids us,
Bids us to a feast of love:
Bless the Lord, whose bounty feeds us
With provision from above:
Ye for whom His life was given,
Come, and eat the Bread of Heaven!

Let us think of Him who bought us;
'Tis the Saviour's own command:
When we wandered, Jesus sought us;
Now He leads us by the hand;
Now He gives us hope, and says,
We shall sing His endless praise.

Oh, how much His people owe Him,
  For the love that He has shown!
Well may we surrender to Him
  All that once we called our own:
Lord, we give ourselves to Thee;
Thou our Guide, our Master be!

154 *Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.* 7's.

LAMB of God, whose dying love
  Thou Thy saints recall to mind,
Hear us, bless us from above;
  Let us all Thy mercy find.

Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
  Every sinner's pardon seal;
All in Thee be justified,
  Every soul Thy comfort feel.

By Thine agony of pain,
  By Thy precious blood, we pray,
Cleanse our hearts from every stain,
  Take our load of guilt away.

Burst our bonds and set us free;
  Bid our fear and sorrow cease;
O remember Calvary!
  Saviour, bid us go in peace.

155 *My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed.* I.

MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy goodness know.

Hail, Sacred Feast! which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its mercies all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Saint Days.

156 *Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.* C.M.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

O Jesus, be our constant Guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

157 *These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.* S.M.

GLORY to Thee, O Lord,
Who from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword,
Those precious ones didst win.

Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land.

O that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright;
O that, as free from deeds of sin,
We shrank not from Thy sight!

Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim,
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name.

158 *Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them that shall be heirs of salvation?* P.M.

HARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling [shore.
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary soul! for Jesus bids you come!"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary, [past,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary;
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

159 *And gave Him to be Head over all things to the Church.* P.M.

HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee!
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By Thee we shall
Break through them all,
Ere death our conflict closes.

By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The world despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us.

And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

160 Rev. vii. 13–17. C.M.

HOW bright those glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they, from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphant palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With loud hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

161 *I beheld, and, lo! a great multitude, which no man could number.* L.M.

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore:
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow heaves no troubled sigh.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him, day and night, they ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud hosannas raise,—

"Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

162 *Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.* C.M.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong,
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train.

163 *These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.* 7's.

WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain
New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
Shall to living fountains lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

164 *Therefore are they before the throne of God.* P.M.

WHO are these, like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their Heavenly King.

Who are these, in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness;
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by Time's rude hand,
Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
  Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
  With the God they glorified;
    Now their painful conflict o'er,
    God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
  Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
  Day and night at His command:
    Now in God's most holy place
    Blest they stand before His face.

Confirmation.

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165 *Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.* P.M.

LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee?
A boon of Love divine we seek:
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere hearts could feel, or tongues could speak.
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, may we come, and come again,
Oft as we see yon table spread,
And, tokens of Thy dying pain,
The wine poured out, the broken bread;
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, may we come; not thus alone,
At holy time, or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,—
Come to Thy throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be.

Lord, may we come, come yet again;
  Thy children ask one blessing more,
To come, not now alone;— but then,
  When life and death and time are o'er;
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee.

166 *Those that Thou gavest Me I have kept.* 7's.

THINE for ever! God of love,
  Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! O, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Holy Matrimony.

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167 *As being heirs together of the grace of life.* P.M.

NOW let your notes of praise arise
  To God's bright throne with voices clear;
The mighty Lord who rules the skies
  Lends to our song a Father's ear:
Eternal Lord of heaven above,
Look down, and bless their plighted love.

May peace and love your lives adorn,
  Attend you all your course along;
Your Christian walk each night and morn,
  O strengthen still with prayer and song!
Eternal Lord of heaven above,
Look down, and bless their plighted love.

Together now your voices raise,
  Vow truth to God, hand joined in hand,
Till, on His glories called to gaze,
  Ye meet in heaven's own happy land;
Eternal Lord of heaven above,
Look down, and bless their plighted love.

Old and New Year.

168 *So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.* 7's.

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread;
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Make us faithful, make us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help Thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

169 *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.* L.M.

MY Helper God! I bless His Name,
The same His power! His grace the same!
The tokens of His friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

I mid ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by His guardian hand;
And view, as I survey His ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far I make His mercies known;
And while I tread this foreign strand,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear to His bright realms above
Ascriptions of immortal love.

Missions.

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170 Psalm lxvii. 148.

ARISE, O God, and shine
  In all Thy saving might,
And prosper each design
  To spread Thy glorious light;
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

O bring the nations near,
  That they may sing Thy praise;
Let all the people hear,
  And learn Thy holy ways!
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

Exert Thy glorious power!
  The nations then shall see,
And earth present her store,
  In converts born of Thee:
God, our own God, His Church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

171 *Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of of the Lord! awake, as in the ancient days.* L.M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home!
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim,
Exalt the Saviour's glorious Name,
Let every foe before Him fall,
Confessed, adored, the Lord of all.

172 Psalm cxvii. L.M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

173 *Come over, and help us.* 7-6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
  And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
  It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
  The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
  In bliss returns to reign!

174 Psalm lxxii. 7-6.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
  Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
  His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
  To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
  And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy,
  To those that suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
  And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
  Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
  Were precious in His sight.

O'er every foe victorious,
  He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
  All blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
  His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,—
  That Name to us is Love.

175 *Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.* 7's.

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
  Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
  When it breaks upon the shore.

Alleluia! for the Lord
  God Omnipotent shall reign;
Alleluia! let the word
  Echo round the earth and main.

See Jehovah's banner furled,
  Sheathed His sword, He speaks, 'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
  Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole;
  Earth shall bow beneath His sway;
He shall reign when like a scroll
  Yonder heavens have passed away.

Then the end—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

176 Psalm lxxii. L.M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose His chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

177 Psalm xlv. 7-6.

WITH hearts in love abounding,
Prepare we now to sing
A lofty theme, resounding
Thy praise, Almighty King:
Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,
Redeemed the human race;
Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,
Breathe words of truth and grace.

In majesty transcendant,
Gird on Thy conquering sword;
In righteousness resplendent,
Ride on, Incarnate Word!
Ride on, O King Messiah,
To glory and renown;
Pierced by Thy darts of fire,
Be every foe o'erthrown!

So reign, O God in heaven,
Eternally the same;
And endless praise be given
To Thy eternal Name!
Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness,
Thy Church on earth behold,
In robe of purest whiteness,
In raiment wrought of gold.

And let each gentile nation
  Come gladly in her train,
To share Thy great salvation,
  And join her grateful strain.
Then ne'er shall note of sadness
  Awake her trembling string;
One song of joy and gladness
  The ransomed world shall sing!

Harvest.

178 *They joy before Thee according to the joy of harvest.* 7's.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
  Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied.
Come, to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home.

What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield?
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown,
Ripening, with a wondrous power,
Till the final harvest hour:
Grant, O Lord of life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

For we know that Thou wilt come,
And wilt take Thy people home,
From Thy kingdom in that day
All offences purge away,
And Thine angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In Thy garner evermore.

Come, then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home;
Let Thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
All upon the golden floor
Praising Thee for evermore:
Come, with thousand angels, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home!

179 *Let us now fear the Lord, that giveth rain, both the former and the latter, in His season; He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of harvest.* C.M.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
The seasons knew Thy call;
Thou mad'st the summer suns to shine,
The summer dews to fall.

The Hand unseen that works above,
Matured the swelling grain;
And now the harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

O ne'er may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook Thy bounteous care;
But what our Father's hand imparts,
Still own in praise and prayer.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our praises now be given,
Who in Their blessed Threefold love
Bear record sure in heaven.

Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

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180 *Jesus Christ Himself being the Chief Corner Stone.* 148

CHRIST is our Corner Stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On His great love
Our hopes we place,
Of present grace
And joys above.

O then, with hymns of praise,
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we shall raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.

Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower,
On all who pray
This holy day,
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

Children's Hymns.

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181 *Therefore are they before the throne of God.* P.M.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed:
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade:
Singing glory, glory, glory.

Once they were little things, like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise, as now they do,
The Lord who loved them so,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love —
How came those children there,
Singing glory, glory, glory?

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

182 *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.* P.M.

COME, children, join to sing
Alleluia, Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King,
Alleluia, Amen!
Let all with heart and voice
Before His throne rejoice,
Praise is His gracious choice,
Alleluia, Amen!

Come, raise your voices high,
Alleluia, Amen!
Let praises fill the sky,
Alleluia, Amen!
He is our Guide and Friend;
To us He'll condescend;
His love shall never end.
Alleluia, Amen!

Praise yet the Lord again,
Alleluia, Amen!
Life shall not end the strain,
Alleluia, Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore,
Alleluia, Amen!

183 *Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.* L.M.

GIVE heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this Child so young and fair?
The blessèd Christ-child lieth there.

Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber, kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue,
That sweetest ancient cradle-song.

Glory to God, in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth,
A glad new year to all the earth.

184 *Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given.* P.M.

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey;
Love and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

For our eyes at last shall see Him,
  Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child, so dear and gentle,
  Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
  With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
  Sit at God's right hand on high;
When, like stars, His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

185 *And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.* 8-7.

SAW you never in the twilight,
  When the sun had left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining,
  Through the gloom like silver eyes?
So of old, the wise men watching,
  Saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the King was given,
  And they followed it from far.

Heard you never of the story,
  How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
  Till they found the Holy Child?

How they opened all their treasure,
  Kneeling to that Infant King,
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
  Gave the myrrh in offering?

Knew ye not that lowly Baby
  Was the bright and morning star,
He who came to light the Gentiles,
  And the darkened isles afar?
And we, too, may seek His cradle,
  There our heart's best treasures bring,
Love, and Faith, and true devotion,
  For our Saviour, God, and King.

186 *He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.* 7's.

WHO are they whose little feet,
  Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly seat,
  They had ever kept in view?

"I from Greenland's frozen land,"
  "I from India's sultry plain,"
"I from Afric's barren sand,"
  "I from Islands of the Main."

"All our earthly journey past,
  Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
  At the portal of the sky."

Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

For the Sick.

187 *He hath done all things well.* 7's.

CHRIST will gather in His own,
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the voice saith, "Come,
Enter thine eternal home;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.

Had He asked us, well we know,
We should cry, O spare this blow!
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love him, let him stay."

But the Lord doth naught amiss,
And since He hath ordered this,
We have naught to do but still
Rest in silence on His will.

Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too truly dear,
Yet, O Lord, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All-in-all.

188 Psalm vi. 7's.

GENTLY, gently, lay Thy rod,
On my sinful head, O God;
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?
Lord, my sinking soul reprieve,
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

Lo, He comes! He hears my plea!
Lo, He comes! the shadows flee!
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit, and adore!

189 *The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayer.* L.M.

GOD of my life! to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall,
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

Hard were the woes of life to bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer:
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.

If poor, unknown, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

190 *I will give you rest.* C.M.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one;
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

191 *I know My sheep, and am known of Mine.* P.M.

I WAS wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O precious souls, come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true."

At first, I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O precious souls, come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true."

At last, I stopped to listen,
His voice could ne'er deceive me;
I saw His kind eye glisten,
So anxious to relieve me:

And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O precious souls, come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true."

I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me,
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me:
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
"O precious souls, come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true."

Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
What will best and longest please us,
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus:
We will ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
"O precious souls, come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true."

192 *Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.* P.M.

JUST as I am; without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am; and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot;
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am; though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and wars without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am; poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am; Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

193 *Leaning on her Beloved.* P M.

LEANING on Thee, my Guide, my Friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blest;
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

Leaning on Thee, my soul retires
From earthly thoughts and earthly things;
On Thee concentrates her desires;
To Thee she clings.

Leaning on Thee, with childlike faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love shall guide.

Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parched with heat;
Thy will has now become my own;
That will is sweet.

Leaning on Thee, midst torturing pain,
With patience Thou my soul dost fill,
Thou whisperest, "What did I sustain?"
And I am still.

Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink,
I feel the everlasting arms,
I cannot sink.

194 *To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.* C.M.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And Thou the grace wilt give.

If life be long, my days are blest,
While they are spent for Thee;
If short my time, I sooner rest,
From sin and sorrow free.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

195 *Thy will be done.* P.M.

MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer which Jesus taught,
"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

196 *The Lord is my light.* L.M.

MY God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Blessed angels! while we silent lie,
You alleluias sing on high,
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest
Before the throne, and never rest.

I with yon choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust;
O make me Thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,
Or some fallen angel's vacant seat:
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter day.

O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand!
May I, in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice!

All praise to Thee in light arrayed,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made,
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart;
One ray of Thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

197 *I will keep thee in all places, whither thou goest.* P.M.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
  The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
  My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

Then let my way appear
  Steps into heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
  In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
  Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
  Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

And when on joyful wing
  Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
  Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

198 *We love Him, because He first loved us.* L.M.

O GOD, I love Thee; not that I
May reign with Thee eternally,
Nor that I may escape the lot
Of those, O God, who love Thee not.

Thou, Thou, my Jesu, Thou for me
Didst agonize on Calvary,
Didst bear the cross, the nails, the lance,
The rabble's ignominious glance,

Unnumbered griefs, unmeasured woes,
Faintings, and agonizing throes,
And death itself; and all for me,
A sinner, and Thine enemy.

And shall not then Thy love cause me,
Most loving Jesus, to love Thee?
Not that in heaven I may reign,
Nor in the hope of any gain;

But as Thou, Jesus, didst love me,
So do I love, and will love Thee,
Because Thou art my King, my Lord,
Because, my Jesus, Thou art God.

199 *The God which has led me all my life long unto this day.* 8-7.

O HOW kindly hast Thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day!
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
Furnished friends to cheer my way!
Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chasten,
With Thy smile, or with Thy rod?
'Twas that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

O how slowly have I often
Followed where Thy hand would draw!
How Thy kindness failed to soften!
How Thy chastening failed to awe!
Make me for Thy rest more ready
As Thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in Thy friendship steady,
Till Thou call me home, my God!

200 *Lord, remember me.* C.M.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me!

When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,
In love remember me!

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day,
For good remember me!

When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see,
Give patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear, and remember me.

If on my face, for Thy loved Name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!

When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me!

201 *Absent from the body, present with the Lord.* P.M.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
  Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I am nearer home to-day
  Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
  Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
  Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
  Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
  Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
  Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
  That leads at last to the light.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
  Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
  On the rock of the shore of death;

Feel Thee near when my feet
  Are slipping over the brink:
For it may be I'm nearer home—
  Nearer now than I think!

202 *Return unto thy rest, O my soul.* P.M.

THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee, my heart, to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone
The Lord of every nation there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

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